MRS. BAGG'S BARGAIN DAY

A Comedy in Two Acts

BY

K. McDOWELL RICE

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Author of "A Successful Stratagem," "Good as Gold," "Mrs. Tubbs's Telegram," &c.

Dramatis Personae

MRS. BAGG

MADELAINE BAGG

BENNY BAGG

YOUNGER BAGGS

MRS. TAGG

MRS. RAGG

MRS. FAGG

MRS. LAGG

MRS. PETTIT

MRS. SHORT

MRS. GRAND

MR. BAGG

MR. TALKHARD

Cash boys, clerks, shoppers, maid, workmen, &c., &c.

Act I.—Interior of a department store

Act II.—Mrs. Bagg's home

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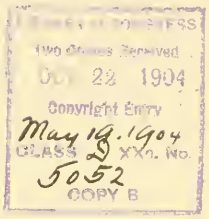

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MRS. BAGG'S BARGAIN DAY.

ACT I.

Curtain rises on interior of a department store where a bargain sale is in progress. Yellow placards with black letters bearing "Annual Bargain Sale" *all about. Women darting hither and thither hurriedly measuring garments on themselves, trying on hats, etc., etc. All with flushed faces and eager gestures. Sales girls appear and disappear with garments thrown over their arms. Others are assisting customers. A constant hum of voices.* Mr. Talkhard *is stationed on stairway leading to next story and from there addresses the women. At sound of his voice all noise ceases.*

Mr. Talkhard. [*Clear and very slow*] You understand, ladies, this is not an ordinary bargain sale we are to-day conducting, but what we might call an 'Annual Give Away,'—the 'Annual Give Away of Quack, Quackenbush & Quack.' The goods we are offering you to-day are all below cost price and in every department are found bargains that would have been an impossibility yesterday [*Women beam satisfaction*] and will be the same impossibility to-morrow. [*Pauses to give attention to a cash boy who hands him a yellow slip of paper which* Mr. T. *reads and then signs. During this interval* Mrs. Bagg *and* Mrs. Tagg *step forward, and later at sound of* Mr. T's *voice, return to group.*]

Mrs. Bagg. [*To* Mrs. Tagg] That is perfectly true. I was in here yesterday asking the price of rubbers and they were 50c. a pair for large sizes and 25c. for children's and to-day you can get a pair of any size for 39c.!

Mrs. Tagg. You don't say so!

MRS. B. It's the difference you see between thirty and fifty. You save twenty cents on every pair.

MRS. T. That is well worth considering.

MRS. B. I would have bought only one pair yesterday, but I got five pairs to-day. I cannot be sure whether the children's will fit them, but my own are all right, [*Exhibits foot*] and I knew they would be up to 50c. to-morrow, so I took my chances on the small sizes.

MR. T. In two minutes and a half the sale of ladies' wrappers will begin. These wrappers sold yesterday for $1.05 and will sell for $1.05 to-morrow if—[*Pauses significantly*] there are any left. [*Women smile appreciatively*] To-day we are offering the very same goods for 35 cents, two-thirds less than you would have had to pay yesterday or must pay to-morrow. The very same goods. Why do we do this, you ask. Everybody asks, why do we do this. The answer is: because it is the Annual Bargain Sale, the Annual Give Away of Quack, Quackenbush & Quack. We lose money on every one of these wrappers. We expect to. But the ladies make a good thing of it and go away happy [*Women look smilingly at one another and at* Mr. T.] and that is what we want. This is known as "Ladies' Day" at Quack, Quackenbush & Quack's and the ladies must be made happy. [*Bows impressively*] Now as to this sale just coming on. You know the garment. Our regular $1.05 ladies' wrapper. Many of you have had the goods and can testify to their quality. [*Women nod approvingly*] We have sizes here ranging from 32 to 42. [*Looks into crowd*] 32 will be the size for a very small woman. I see one or two very stylish women here that might use a 32. [Mrs. Pettit *and* Mrs. Short *come into view consciously tossing their heads*] 36 will fit a medium woman and 42 will be the size for a very large commanding woman. I see one or two here of these magnificent proportions. [*Two large women come into fuller view*] Now, ladies, as this sale can last only ten minutes you may not be able to lay your hand upon your own size wrapper, but if you get another size you can easily exchange with some one else. The truth is, Quack, Quackenbush & Quack have only a limited number of these wrappers left. [*Looks about group*] about as many I should say as there are ladies here, so you probably can each get one. But here comes

in an important restriction. 'Each get *one*' you notice that I say. There can be one only to a customer. When the word is given, put your hand on the wrapper you want, carry same to the young lady over at the desk and pay your cash 35c. No goods exchanged. No goods charged. [*Consults watch*] The sale will be on in three seconds and will last just ten minutes. After that the regular price $1.05 must be paid. [*Women crowd nearer, all interested and eager*]

MR. T. [*Watch still in hand*] Ready!

At word "Ready" the women rush for the counter on which wrappers are piled and all pull wildly at them. Hum of voices. The large women reaching over some of the smaller secure theirs first and come forward where they hurriedly measure only to find they have two of the smallest sizes. They dash back to exchange and Mrs. Short *and* Mrs. Pettit *advance eagerly discussing a wrapper held by* Mrs. Short. *Hum of voices ceases as dialogue occurs, but other purchasers not to be interested in same.*

MRS. SHORT. I believe this will fit you exactly, Mrs. Pettit.

MRS. PETTIT. [*Protesting*] Oh, no, no, it looks a great deal too large.

MRS. S. [*Determinedly shaking out wrapper*] You cannot tell anything about them in the hand. I'll slip it on you right over your coat and that will allow for shrinkage. It may turn out a perfect fit. You'll have to take your hat off.

MRS. P. [*Removing hat*] What are they going to sell next?

MRS. S. Stoves, I believe, and I must have one! [*Throws wrapper over* Mrs. Pettit's *head*] There, you go on with this. I must run and get me a wrapper or they will all be gone. [*Runs back to counter*]

Mrs. S. *having neglected to unfasten the wrapper at the neck,* Mrs. P. *struggles wildly. The wrapper is very large and* Mrs. P. *gets her head into one of the arm holes and becomes more and more entangled. One arm is in the other sleeve which she waves madly struggling to get free, finally sinks on floor enveloped in wrapper.*

MR. T. [*Loudly above din*] This sale has now been under way for five minutes. Only five minutes more, ladies.

MRS. S. [*From recesses of wrapper*] Help! Help! Help!

MRS. GRAND. [*Recognizing the wrapper as one adapted to herself, takes it off the struggling form*] My size!—42. How fortunate! [*Bears it delightedly to desk.* Mrs. P. *set free dashes for counter*]

MR. T. Two minutes more, ladies.

Mrs. Ragg *and* Mrs. Fagg *come forward both clutching the same wrapper and each refusing to give up.*

MRS. RAGG. [*Emphatically*] Pardon me, madam, but this is my wrapper. It is my size, 38. I have my hand right on the neck here where the tag is.

MRS. FAGG. Madam, I had hold of this wrapper first down here on the hem where I found my size on the tag, 38. [*Each show a yellow tag and each clings to wrapper trying to wrench it from the other*]

MR. T. One minute more, ladies.

At this announcement, Mrs. R. *and* Mrs. F. *simultaneously loose their hold and plunge for the counter leaving the wrapper on the floor.*

MRS. TAGG. [*Picks up wrapper, consults tag, measures garment on herself finding to her delight that it is her size*] How fortunate! [*Bears wrapper exultantly to desk*]

MR. T. [*Consulting watch*] The sale of ladies' wrappers is now over.

Enter Mrs. Lagg *in great haste with travelling bag, wraps, etc.*

MRS. LAGG. [*Breathlessly as she takes a wrapper from the counter*] Are—these—[*Gasps*] the—dollar—wrappers—selling—for—thirty—five—cents? [*Pants with exhaustion*]

MR. T. [*Raising his hand authoritatively*] Pardon me, madam, you cannot have a wrapper at that price. The garment you hold in your hand is now $1.05. The sale is just over.

MRS. L. [*Steadies herself on counter and continues to catch her breath as she speaks*] It was the elevator here at Quack's that delayed us. Something has broken. Couldn't the sale be extended one minute? [*Puts hand on heart and breathes heavily*] I have friends coming up on the next elevator. There is a party of us. [*Gasps*] We came this morning from Swift River and Lightning Bug.

MR. T. I am sorry, madam, but the sale of ladies' wrappers at 35c. is over. [*In louder tones*] The next sale will be kitchen utensils on the basement floor. [*Steps down and leads the way out at rear followed by all the women except* Mrs. Lagg *who sinks exhausted into a chair, and looks toward door at which she entered, where three women suddenly rush in*]

FIRST. Can we get them, Mag?

SECOND. Are we in time?

THIRD. Where are they?

MRS. L. [*Shakes head slowly*] The sale of wrappers is over.

FIRST. [*Aghast*] Over!

SECOND. What a shame!

THIRD. [*Eagerly*] What is the next sale?

MRS. L. [*In weak voice*] Kitchen utensils. [*Women bend over* Mrs. L. *to hear better*]

FIRST. What?

SECOND. Kitchen utensils?

THIRD. Where?

[MRS. L. *Too exhausted to speak, points with index finger straight down on the floor*]

THREE IN CHORUS. Basement?

[MRS. L. *Mechanically nods assent*]

FIRST. [*Eagerly*] How long has it been going on?

[MRS. L. *Holds up three fingers.*]

THREE WOMEN. [*In chorus*] Three minutes! [*With cry of despair they rush madly out at rear, leaving* Mrs. L. *in chair with eyes closed, still breathing heavily*]

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Curtain rises on sitting room of the Bagg *home. Lamps are tighted.* Mr. Bagg *in easy chair with newspaper glances anxiously now and then at his watch. Three younger children playing a quiet game at small table.* Madelaine *reading.*

Mr. Bagg. [*Rises, goes to window and looks anxiously out*] Strange, Madelaine, that your mother does not come. I certainly expected her on this trolly. You say she was to lunch with your aunt Louise?

Madelaine. Yes, papa. Mamma had one or two errands in town and said she would lunch with aunt Louise and take one of the afternoon trolleys out.

Mr. B. I must find out when she left your aunt Louise. [*Goes to telephone, rings, etc.*] Hello! give me 158, please. [*Waits for connection*] It's Mr. Bagg. Oh, is that you, Louise? When did Fanny leave you? [*Listens*] Not seen her? She was to lunch with you. [*Listens*] Ask the maid please, if she has called during the day, or telephoned you from anywhere. [*Listens*] Fanny never stays away like this. [*Listens*] Bargain sale at Quack's? [*Laughs*] No, she wouldn't attempt another I think after the experience you had together last year. [*Listens*] You decided not to go out at all, eh? [*Laughs*] Well, that is a good idea. [*Listens*] Ha, ha! Wise woman to stay home. [*Listens*] All right. I'll call you up later. [*Rings off*] [*To* Madelaine] Your aunt Louise says she has been at home all day and has not seen your mother or had any word from her.

Madelaine. How strange! [*Lays down book*] You're not really anxious are you, papa? [*Joins him at window*]

Mr. Bagg. It's very unusual. Your mother is always home by dark.

Madelaine. Don't worry, papa. Mamma would certainly have telephoned us or somebody would if anything had happened. These winter afternoons are so short they leave one very little time to accomplish anything in town. Oh, papa, look at those three trolleys all strung together. How bright and pretty they look. [*Children all run to window*] And what a lot of

people! There must have been something going on in the city. A *matinée* perhaps, and all these people are coming back. See all those women with bundles getting off! Aren't they funny? But mamma never carries bundles, so she's not in that crowd.

Maid *draws portière. Enter* Mrs. Bagg *with bundles and boxes of all sizes.*

CHORUS OF SMALLER CHILDREN. Oh, mamma! [*Running to meet* Mrs. B.] Which is my present? Which is mine? [*All reach for bundles*]

MR. BAGG. [*Drawing up comfortable chair and relieving* Mrs. B. *of some of her packages*] My dear Fanny, what has happened? [*Dryly as he piles up things on table*] Have the delivery wagons given up business?

MRS. BAGG. [*Sinking into chair, remainder of bundles dropping about her*] My dear Benjie, I may as well confess at once. I have been to a wonderful bargain sale at Quack's.

MR. B. Just say 'bargain sale' my dear. We know they are all 'wonderful.'

Benny Bagg *puts his head in a chair and falls to weeping.*

MRS. B. [*In great concern to* Mr. B.] What is the matter with Benny? Go to him, my dear.

MR. B. [*To whom* B. *has sobbed out something*] He heard you say 'bargain sale' my dear, and it seems he has not forgotten his uneven legged trousers of last year.

MRS. B. Well, you needn't worry, Benny, I didn't get you anything this time. [B. *makes louder protestations and kicks furiously*] Oh, yes, I brought you something [B. *grows more quiet*] but I didn't bring you anything with legs to it. Remembering my experience of last year, I ran no risk of getting anything with legs, not even a table, though they had some lovely ones there for $4.99.

MR. B. Five dollars you mean.

MRS. B. No, my dear, $4.99.

MR. B. But that means five, my dear.

MRS. B. Oh, no it doesn't. They always give you back your penny. They're very particular about it.

MR. B. They ought to be very particular to give you back a hundred or more of them to make things square.

MRS. B. Now, my dear, you don't believe in these bargain sales, but I'll make you confess before I get through that you do approve of some of them. [*To* Benny] Tell Mary I have come in, my dear, but not to hurry supper. [*Looks at clock*] It isn't time yet I'm glad to say, for I'm really too tired to eat anything. [*Exit* Benny *who shortly returns*] I didn't know I was so tired until I got into this comfortable chair.

MR. B. It's a shame, Fanny, for you to tire yourself out so. Why not go in and buy like a Christian and not wear yourself out getting into crowds and saving a penny on a dollar.

MRS. B. A penny on a dollar! Well, I've saved nearer a dollar on a penny. Just wait till you hear!

MR. B. Just wait till you have a glass of something, Fanny. [*Goes to table and pours out some wine which he brings with some wafers*]

MRS. B. Thank you, Benjie. This is really just what I need. I couldn't take time for any lunch in town. [*Sips wine and talks as she takes the wafer*] This man that conducts the sale gets twenty-five dollars a day, they say. He's perfectly wonderful, and goes from place to place getting twenty-five dollars a day and all his expenses. It was much the best planned sale I ever went to. To-morrow he conducts a sale in New York, next day in Chicago, and next in San Francisco.

MR. B. [*Dryly*] Then the air ships are completed and successfully running?

MRS. B. Of course I know what you mean, Benjie, that he couldn't get to these places in one day.

MR. B. Hardly, my dear, so long as Chicago is nine hundred and thirteen miles from New York, and San Francisco is twenty-six hundred from Chicago.

MRS. B. [*Admiringly*] How clever you are, my dear, to keep so many figures in your head! I never could do it in the world. Now I have just two sets of figures in mine—1492 for Columbus and 160 for the height of Niagara. And I shouldn't remember the Niagara one except it was the number of our house when we lived in Albany. And as to the man getting to New York and San Francisco, of course when I say 'next day' I mean next 'possible' day, my dear, but it sounds so stiff to say 'possible' each time.

MR. B. Indeed it does, my dear. You are quite right. [*With solicitude*] But no lunch in town? Then you didn't go to Louise's at all?

MRS. B. No, my dear. I was on the trolly when I saw an advertisement up in the car about this sale at Quack's, and Mrs. Tagg told me she was going, and Mrs. Ragg was on board bound for Quack's and Mrs. Pettit and Mrs. Short and the greatest lot of people from all about here. They had read up all about the sale so they gave me all the particulars and I didn't have to read up at all.

MR. B. [*Aside*] Then my removing so carefully for the past fortnight the sheet of the morning paper containing an advertisement of this sale was a failure after all.

MRS. B. I just went with them and it's all so planned that you can take in one sale after another.

MR. B. *You* can take in the sale, or the sale can take *you* in?

MRS. B. Now, my dear, wait till I get through and see who gets taken in. [*To children who are clamoring to know what has been brought them*] Yes, my dears, for one thing I brought you some rubbers. Brought you each a pair.

MADELAINE. I didn't need any, mamma. I have my arctics, you know.

MRS. B. But you need a pair of low rubbers, my dear.

BENNY. I don't like low rubbers. Snow gets in 'em.

MRS. B. The ones I got for you come up nice and high, my dear. There is the box [*Rises and takes large box from table*] and you can all sit down and fit yourselves. [*Children seat themselves on floor and begin to open box*] [*To* MR. B.] Now, Benjie, this is my first bargain. [*Puts out her foot*] I saved twenty cents on them. To-morrow I would have to pay 50c. a pair.

MR. B. [*Regarding rubbers*] And you got these for 30c.?

MRS. B. Thirty something. I don't remember.

MR. B. Thirty-nine, I'll wager!

MRS. B. My dear, you are right. It was thirty-nine.

MR. B. Then I don't see that you saved but eleven cents?

MRS. B. Oh, my dear, you can't stop at a bargain sale to calculate as closely as that. I just looked at them and knew they were bargains.

MR. B. Allow me to remove the bargains. [*Takes off* Mrs. B's *rubbers*] Fanny, my dear, have you been in these things all day? [Mrs. B. *nods assent*] That's enough in itself to tire you out.

MRS. B. I never once thought of them. [Mr. B. *carries out rubbers*]

MADELAINE. [*Opening box*] These aren't the rubbers, mamma.

MRS. B. [*Joining the group*] They're not! Mercy, I hope I haven't brought home somebody's else things! What is in the box, child?

Re-enter Mr. Bagg.

MADELAINE. They look like hats. Men's hats. A whole lot of them.

MR. B. [*Protesting in great concern*] My dear Fanny, don't tell me you have bought any hats for me.

MRS. B. No, my dear, I haven't, though they had them there, just like yours that you pay such a lot for, for $2.98.

MR. B. I prefer to pay $8.92 and select my own, my dear.

MRS. B. So I thought.

MR. B. Fanny, let me know the worst. Have you bought me any neck ties?

MRS. B. No, my dear, though they had lovely ones there for 20c. apiece.

MR. B. [*Dryly*] How did it happen they were not nineteen?

MRS. B. I don't know. If they had been I should certainly have bought them.

MR. B. Then I have reason to be very thankful they were twenty.

MRS. B. Mrs. Ragg bought about three dozen for Mr. Ragg. She said they were perfect beauties. If Mr. Ragg can wear them I don't see why you can't.

MR. B. Because I don't care to be a Ragg-Bagg, my dear.

MRS. B. But if they are just like what you pay two dollars for?

MR. B. [*Emphatically*] But they never are, my dear.

MRS. B. Well, Mrs. Ragg showed them to me coming out on the car and they looked lovely in the box, anyway.

MR. B. But I want mine to look lovely on my neck, my dear.

MADELAINE. [*Who has been carefully lifting tissue paper out of the box*] Why, these are nothing but fly screens!

MR. B. Fly screens! This season of the year!

MRS. B. [*Takes the set of conical screens in her hands*] My dear, by getting a whole nest this way [*Lifts off the top screen*] you get a cent off on each. They call them nests, you know.

MR. B. [*Turning on his heel*] Hornets' nests! This whole bargain business.

MRS. B. Now, my dear, wait till summer comes and you'll find these fly screens work in very well.

MR. B. But I thought we got all those patent arrangements for the doors and windows last year so that we wouldn't have any flies this.

MRS. B. My dear, no matter what pains a housekeeper may take, an occasional fly *will* get in. We cannot help it.

MR. B. And so you have arranged one screen for each fly. [*Takes a screen and puts it over an imaginary fly*] Well, [*Piling up the screens in order*] fortunately we have a good large attic to store these things in.

MRS. B. That's what I thought, my dear. Now poor Mrs. Tagg is so crowded she couldn't get nearly the things that I could, for she says they really have no place to put them. Our attic certainly is a great blessing.

MR. B. [*Dryly*] So I always thought until to-day.

MADELAINE. [*Who has taken another box*] These must be the rubbers. The box smells rubber-y. [*Children all take the box and nod affirmatively*]

MRS. B. Well, take them up in the nursery and try them on there. Madelaine, you help them.

MADELAINE. Yes, mamma. [*Exeunt all the children*]

MR. B. Why did you not have the firm deliver all these things, Fanny?

MRS. B. [*Naively*] Oh, they are delivering all the big things, my dear. I just brought the small things for fear they would get lost.

Enter Benny *with large cage done up in paper.*

BENNY. [*Delightedly*] Oh, mommy, have you bought a parrot?

Mr. B. [*Desperately*] Fanny, you haven't bought a bird of any sort?

Mrs. B. No, my dear, but I found this large cage very cheap and I bought it because,—well, I may as well tell you. Aunt Miranda is going to leave me her canary when she dies and she's always kept it so cramped up I want a good large cage for it.

Mr. B. But, my dear, aunt Miranda will outlive her bird many years. She was in the office this morning about a new life insurance and Dr. Dosem who examined her said she was one of the finest specimens of woman he had ever seen. Besides, the average life of a canary bird is only ten years.

Mrs. B. [*Patronizingly*] You can't stop to consider the average life of beasts and birds at a bargain sale, my dear. That would be utter folly. If it's a bargain you must recognize it and get it at once.

Mr. B. [*Bending over cage*] But, my dear, these wires are so far apart a canary bird would get out between them. It's a regular parrot cage.

Mrs. B. Well, if aunt Miranda's canary is as wise as that, let him get out, I say. But I was going on to tell you, my dear, what Mrs. Pettit says of these bargain sales. She thinks they are an excellent discipline, that they make one weigh the *pros* and *cons* and then decide quickly. One must decide quickly, you know, for the sales last only ten minutes.

Mr. B. So Mrs. Pettit is going at the thing philosophically? Well, I'll venture to say she didn't bring home very much.

Mrs. B. My dear, you are a mind reader! She didn't bring home a thing. But, oh, my dear, she had such a funny experience. I must tell you. [Mr. B. *draws up a chair and seats himself prepared to be amused*] Mrs. Short went to try on a wrapper on Mrs. Pettit. [*Laughs*] And she got her in it and forgot about her, [*Laughs more heartily*] and the wrapper was very large and closed at the neck, I believe. I didn't see how it happened, but Mrs. Little was telling me about it coming out on the car, and I thought she would go into hysterics simply describing it. All I heard was a cry for help. [*Laughs*] This muffled voice crying 'Help! Help!' And somebody extricated her. Oh, my dear, it was *so* amusing.

MR. B. It's a pity you couldn't all have called for help and all been extricated from the building!

MRS. B. [*Ignoring the remark*] Mrs. Pettit was really awfully provoked about it. She couldn't get any wrapper at all as it turned out, and Mrs. Short got a beauty.

MR. B. What did you get?

MRS. B. I wasn't very successful on my wrapper, but I didn't bother much for I thought I could exchange with Mrs. Tagg, but she is going to change with Mrs. Ragg she tells me, and I don't know what to do unless I go out to Mrs. Fagg's, and she lives so far it would take up the whole morning, and I'm not sure she got a wrapper, and I can't telephone her, because they haven't any telephone.

MR. B. I wouldn't bother about it, Fanny. It will cost you ten cents to get out to Mrs. Fagg's and ten back, that's twenty cents.

MRS. B. [*Looks at* Mr. B. *in amazement*] But, my dear, we never count in car fares when we are estimating bargains!

MR. B. But I'm just showing you that you don't want to spend twenty cents and a whole morning on a thirty-five cent wrapper. Can't you send it to the heathen?

MRS. B. My dear, the very thing! You are inspired. We're packing a box at the church to-morrow. I'll take it with me.

Enter Benny *and* Madelaine.

BENNY. [*Rushes to* Mrs. B.] None of the rubbers fits none of us!

MRS. B. [*Complacently*] Can't you grow into them?

BENNY. We can't even get 'em on so as we could grow into 'em!

MRS. B. All too small! That's unfortunate.

MADELAINE. Can't we go in to-morrow, mamma, and change these and get them to fit? I could take the children in.

MRS. B. [*Cheerfully*] Not anything bought at a bargain, my dear. They keep telling you: 'No goods exchanged.'

BENNY. [*Pulling* M's *gown*] Come let's see what else has come. [*Exeunt* M. *and* B.]

MRS. B. I can't understand about those rubbers.

MR. B. [*Sententiously*] Send them to the heathen.

MRS. B. [*Delightedly*] My dear, I will. Mrs. Tagg was reading a paper at our last missionary meeting about the marshes in some country we're going to send a barrel to. They'll be just what those poor children need down there.

MR. B. Can't we send the parrot cage to the marshes?

MRS. B. Now, my dear, don't worry over that parrot cage. It will come good some day.

MR. B. [*Resignedly*] They say keep a thing five years and you'll find a use for it.

MRS. B. [*Delightedly*] Is it only *five* years you have to keep a thing? Mother used always to say ten. Oh, if it's only five we can keep it easily. Mark my words, Benjamin Bagg, that parrot cage will yet prove something very important to the Bagg family.

MR. B. [*Laughs good humoredly*] I hope I'll live to see all your predictions verified, Fanny. What are you hunting for, my dear?

MRS. B. [*Deep in recesses of her bag at belt*] Some spools of silk, I thought I put in my bag. They were selling six for 30c. Usually it is 10c. a spool. This was just half price, you see. I couldn't let that go by. I really didn't need but two spools, but they won't sell two.

MR. B. They're very autocratic, aren't they?

MRS. B. [*Still hunting*] Oh, I don't know. I suppose they don't want these little driblets of sales coming in, five cents here and ten cents there, so they just make people buy things by the dozen.

MR. B. That's what I say, my dear. They are inclined to lay down the law.

MRS. B. Oh, not at all, my dear. They don't ask you to buy at all. They're very nice about that. They just put up signs [*Motions upward*] 'Half Price' in big letters. [*Shows dimensions with her hands*] And when I see that I alway go right to that counter and buy! [Mr. B. *shrugs shoulders*] I nearly got past this counter without seeing it was a half price, but Mrs. Tagg called my attention to it. She was there bemoaning the fact she hadn't brought a sample of her new dress so that she could have bought some sewing silk to match it. I offered to match it for her by my eye, I'm very good on carrying colors in my eye

and I saw her goods not long ago and she told me besides that the feather in her hat harmonized with the dress goods, but though I was perfectly willing to help her out, she thought she'd better not risk it. I matched my own though all right, I know. Just hand me a sample of dress goods in that drawer, will you, Benjie, [*Motions to table*] the right hand side.

MR. B. [*Looks in drawer*] I don't see any sample here, my dear.

MRS. B. Not in the right hand corner?

MR. B. No, my dear.

MRS. B. Then look in the left. It's in plain sight.

MR. B. I don't see it, my dear.

MRS. B. Then lift up the paper. It may be under the paper.

MR. B. I don't think it's in this drawer at all, Fanny.

MRS. B. [*Considering*] Perhaps it's in the desk drawer. [Mr. B. *opens desk drawer*] Not at the left, my dear. I said at the right. I know I put it in the right hand corner.

MR. B. [*After fruitless search*] Guess again, Fanny.

MRS. B. My dear, it just comes to me. The sample is in that vase, right up there. [*Points to same. Mr. B. takes down vase, tries to get his hand in, finally turns vase upside down and shakes out sample*]

MR. B. Hardly in plain sight, my dear, or did you think I was an X ray? [*Hands sample to* Mrs. B.]

MRS. B. Well, it was in the right hand vase, you see. I knew it was right hand something. [*Looks at sample in surprise*] Why, that isn't a sample of my dress, is it? How queer it looks! Why, it doesn't match the sewing silk at all! [*Holds both off and looks intently*] I had no idea my dress was this color. I thought it was more greenish. [*Looks much mystified and keeps comparing colors*]

MR. B. [*Dryly*] Wouldn't it match Mrs. Tagg's goods, my dear?

MRS. B. [*Seriously*] I don't think so, my dear. A thing won't match in color, you know, just by saying it will match or thinking it will match. You have to put the two together and try them in all lights, turn them this way and that [*Demonstrates*] and then you have to allow for the silk working in lighter. No, this wouldn't do for Mrs. Tagg, her feather had

more blue in it, a sort of purplish greenish blue—no, this wouldn't do at all. Well, [*Cheerfully*] as Mrs. Tagg says, you can't expect all your bargains to come out well. Five out of a possible six is all one ought to count on.

MR. B. [*Takes silk and sample*] Why, they're not a particle alike, Fanny.

MRS. B. That's what I *say*, my dear. It isn't a match.

MR. B. [*Triumphantly*] My dear, I have heard certain remarks in the past about my not being able to match colors, but after this [*Holds up silk, etc.*] I am exonerated. Exonerated for the rest of my natural life. I know I could do better than this.

MRS. B. [*Earnestly*] *With* the goods, my dear, of course you could. But you must remember I didn't have the goods. I can always match perfectly with the goods.

MR. B. [*Apparently unheeding*] Here is my defense. [*Holds up sample*] I am vindicated, vindicated! [*Mock heroic*] I am honorably discharged, Fanny, honorably discharged! [*Marches about exultantly, waving hand and whistling* "Marching Through Georgia," *then sings as he waves the bit of cloth*] "Hurrah, hurrah, *this* flag has set me free." [*Extends hand toward* Mrs. B. *as though inviting her to join him. Continues pacing in front of her, motioning with extended hand until she, unable to put him off and falling victim to the absurdity of his antics, gives him her hand, which he slips into his arm, and both march about,* Mrs. B. *entering into the occasion, keeping step and singing with him until* Mr. B. *finally puts her back in her chair. Both laugh heartily*]

MR. B. [*Returns silk, etc., to* Mrs. B.] 'No goods exchanged,' you say. That's a pity, for you really ought to get back your money on these.

MRS. B. Well, as you would say, it would cost me ten cents to go in and ten to come out, that's twenty cents, and the whole six spools only cost thirty. It isn't worth worrying about. I'll put them in my sewing stand. They are sure to come useful. I've had the queerest, most outlandish colors from time to time, and they always work in if you keep them long enough.

MR. B. [*Dryly*] If you keep them for five or ten years, I suppose.

MRS. B. [*Delightedly*] Why, that explains it! I've had some of those queer colors for years and years, and probably their time had run out, so they suddenly matched. I never thought of that before!

Enter Madelaine.

MADELAINE. Mamma, two men are here with a new mattress.

MRS. B. [*Sweetly*] Have them take it upstairs, my dear.

MADELAINE. The stairs are blocked, mamma.

MRS. B. Let them bring it through here then, and carry it up the back way.

Enter workmen, *who carry through mattress.*

MADELAINE. For which bed is it, mamma?

MRS. B. [*Complacently*] Any one it will fit, my dear. [*Exit* M.] [*To* Mr. B.] They were having a sale of mattresses, 3.99 each.

MR. B. You are sure they were 3.99, Fanny?

MRS. B. Perfectly, my dear, for I remember the boy running after me with my penny as I was coming away from the mattress sale. In fact, that happened three or four times, those little boys threading their way through the crowds and handing me a penny.

MR. B. I hope you told them to keep them for their trouble.

MRS. B. Indeed I didn't! I put them each time very carefully in my purse.

MR. B. "Penny wise and pound foolish"! I wonder if you ever heard that saying, my dear?

MRS. B. Oh, yes indeed, and that other one, "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves"!

MR. B. I thought you said the other day that our house was now completely furnished.

MRS. B. But, my dear, you don't suppose I would let a mattress at 3.99 go by! Why, I can sell it for that any day.

Enter Benny, *running in with package.*

BENNY. Are these snow shoes, mamma? [*Looks radiant*]

MRS. B. Let me feel of them. No, they can't be snow shoes. I didn't get any snow shoes. [*Feels the package with mystified air*] Why, I don't know what in the world they are. [*Holds package off*] They are shaped like snow shoes, aren't they?

BENNY. Let me take it. [*Shakes package*] There, hear, it rattles!

MRS. B. Take off the wrappings, Benny. Done up so carefully, I can't imagine what they are.

BENNY. [*Disappointedly*] They're nothing but great big fans. [*Brings to light some palmleaf fans*]

MRS. B. [*Undauntedly*] Oh, yes, I remember! "Six fans for 16c." was the way the sign read at the fan sale. [*Separates the fans with evident satisfaction*]

Exit Benny *running.*

MR. B. Fans in January! With mercury below zero!

MRS. B. But, my dear, it isn't going to be January always, and that same mercury will be stealing up into the nineties before we know it. Why, my dear, I got these fans largely on your account.

MR. B. [*Amazed*] On my account!

MRS. B. Yes, my dear, you said last summer one hot day as we were coming from church that the man had made you tired and you had wished all during the sermon for somebody to fan you with a big palmleaf fan. Now, my dear, you have one. [*Presents one with deep courtesy*]

MR. B. [*Takes same, and bows low*] Not only one, but six, it seems.

MRS. B. [*Complacently*] They come in lots of six. [*Leans against mantel, fanning herself*] They work so easily. [*Fans with long sweeps*] I wish you could have seen the man that sold them, Benjie. He held one just like this, and then closed his eyes this way, as though he were at the last gasp, then sort of revived himself by fanning quickly, and said, "These are indeed life preservers." He was so amusing, he sold the whole lot right out. [*Starts*]

MR. B. What is the matter, my dear?

MRS. B. [*Aghast*] Why, as I said that word 'preservers' I remembered I bought some preserves, but what I did with them I don't know. [*Goes into deep thought*] I had them all arranged there on the counter and I'd told the girl about them, and as I stood there Mrs. Tagg rushed up to me and said, "What in the *world* are you doing *here?* Preserves aren't a 'special' to-day. They are selling portable bath-tubs up-stairs for 2.97," and we

both simply raced. [*Reflects*] I don't believe I bought those preserves, after all.

MR. B. I think we can live through it, my dear.

MRS. B. [*Exultantly*] But I got one of the bath-tubs!

MR. B. For what, my dear? Our plumbing arrangements are certainly most complete.

MRS. B. I thought it would be nice to take away with us this summer. Mrs. Tagg got one.

MR. B. But we are going to the sea shore, my dear, and to a hotel with all modern improvements. The Taggs are going to a log cabin up in the Adirondacks.

MRS. B. But my dear, you don't seem to understand that you can't stop at a sale to think whether you are going to the sea-shore or the mountains. If you stop the first thing you know the sale is over.

MR. B. Did you have to pay cash for all these things?

MRS. B. No, you only pay cash if it's a cash sale. Some are cash sales and some are charge sales. But at the charge sales [*Naively*] they will let you pay cash if you want to.

MR. B. You'd better believe they will!

Enter Benny, *running, shortly followed by* Madelaine.

BENNY. Oh, mamma, a lot of preserves has come!

MRS. B. [*Throws up her hands in delight*] Good! Then that girl knew me! I begin to think they know me at all the counters.

MR. B. I shouldn't be at all surprised, my dear.

MRS. B. [*Reflecting*] But if preserves were not a 'special', there was no need of my getting them to-day. [*Dolefully*] I've probably had to pay regular rates. Yes, dear. [*To* Benny *in tearful voice*] you may have some opened. The rest of you can enjoy them. I cannot touch them. They would simply choke me. [*More dolefully*] I certainly thought they had yellow labels on them when I bought them.

MADELAINE. They have, mamma. I noticed yellow labels all over them.

MRS. B. You did! [*Embraces* M.] My dear child, then they are bargains! Anything with a yellow label is a bargain. How good they will taste! [*Exit* M.] Then I was right, after all. [*Triumphantly*] Preserves *were* a 'special'. I must remember to tell Mrs. Tagg.

MR. B. [*Dryly*] Why not telephone her now?

MRS. B. No, I'm too tired.

MR. B. What, you admit it, Fanny? You are tired?

MRS. B. I'm tired to death. [*Sinks into chair* Mr. B. *has drawn up for her*] I believe if I'd had a pedometer on it would show I had walked twenty miles.

MR. B. [*Arranging a cushion at* Mrs. B.'s *back*] Why not call it nineteen, my dear? Reduced to nineteen.

MRS. B. [*Laughs*] Well, nineteen then. I've run up and down those stairs at Quack's all day. Something was wrong with the elevator. One sale is way up stairs, like the wrappers, and then you have to go down perhaps to the basement for the next sale, and then likely as not way up again for the next.

MR. B. And yet this is the sale that was so well planned. I think myself it's planned to keep you all running about, a sort of advertisement in itself. Indeed, my dear, I call it undignified, to say the least, you women all running about like a lot of geese.

MRS. B. Geese, yes. It was at Quack's, you know. [*Both laugh*] I almost wish I hadn't gone.

MR. B. Well, cheer up, Fanny. It's done now and can't be undone. How much do you suppose you spent to-day?

MRS. B. Cash sales or charge sales?

MR. B. Oh, the whole business.

MRS. B. I don't know, I'm sure. Twenty-five dollars, perhaps.

MR. B. You're sure it wasn't as much as fifty?

MRS. B. [*Sits upright in amazement*] Fifty! Why, Benjamin Bagg, you don't think that I'd spend fifty dollars that way!

MR. B. I rather hoped you had.

MRS. B. Hoped I had! What do you mean?

MR. B. [*Shows newspaper*] Why, Quack's advertisement here says that anyone who buys goods at these sales to the amount of $50 can exchange any that are not satisfactory if returned within twenty-four hours.

MRS. B. Oh, the things I might have bought if I'd only known this! That's one thing about these sales, one is filled with regrets after them.

MR. B. [*Unscrewing pencil and getting pad of paper*] This bargain business is not all roses, evidently. Now let's see,

L. of C.

Fanny. What did you buy? Five pairs rubbers at 39c., that is $1.95. [*Makes entry*] One lot screens, what were they?

MRS. B. They were 1.49, reduced from—

MR. B. No matter about that, my dear. Give me the price each time that you paid. [*Repeats*] 1.49.

MRS. B. Fans .16.

MR. B. Fans .16.

MRS. B. Preserves, 9.99. They were really—

MR. B. No matter, my dear, 9.99 is sufficient.

MRS. B. Mattress 3.99.

MR. B. [*Writes*] Mattress 3.99.

MRS. B. Portable bath-tub 2.97.

MR. B. [*Writes*] Bath-tub 2.97.

MRS. B. [*Corrects*] 'Portable', my dear.

MR. B. [*Making correction*] 'Portable' by all means. That probably cost 97 cts. in itself. By the way, what sort of a tub is this? One you can fold and put in your vest pocket?

MRS. B. [*Seriously*] I don't believe they're as small as that. To tell you the truth, I didn't see them.

MR. B. Oh, didn't you? Well, then, you'll have a nice surprise when it comes. What next, Fanny?

MRS. B. Four silk petticoats, 3 98 each. I didn't tell you about those, Benjie.

MR. B. [*Business tone*] Total on petticoats 15.92. No matter, my dear.

MRS. B. But I *wish* to tell you. [Mr. B. *looks up and listens*] I knew those skirts were great bargains.

MR. B. Skirts? [*Consults paper*] Why, there's some mistake here. I've put 'coats'. You certainly said 'coats', Fanny.

MRS. B. I said petticoats, my dear. [*Unties large parcel*] I left the sale at Quack's for a few moments and ran into the next store.

MR. B. [*In mock concern*] You left the sale! My dear Fanny, what a risk! Think what they might have sold while you were gone!

MRS. B. [*Complacently*] I put Mrs. Tagg on guard. She was to run in for me if anything special came up.

MR. B. [*In amazement*] Both of you out of Quack's at the same time! I never knew such risks as you women are willing

to take! Well, what were they doing in the next store? Selling the same petti-skirts at 6.66?

MRS. B. You've hit it pretty nearly, my dear. There were skirts there exactly like the 3.98 ones at Quack's, and I said in an off-hand way to the young woman at the counter, "How much are these silk skirts?" I took one up just as though I wanted it, you know.

MR. B. Well, you did want it, didn't you?

MRS. B. Want it? No. Especially not when I heard the girl's answer. She said, "That is our regular 7.50 skirt, madam."

MR. B. [*Writes*] Skirt 7.50.

MRS. B. Don't put that down, Benjamin Bagg. I'm just showing you what a bargain it was to get a 7.50 skirt for 3.98.

MR. B. [*Incredulously*] Then you didn't buy the skirt?

MRS. B. Why, of course not.

MR. B. Then I'll have to cross this out. [*Runs pencil through the item*] though it was rather refreshing to write out an even 7.50. It had a sort of genuine ring to it.

MRS. B. Well, I ran back to Quack's, and was just in time to get three more skirts at 3.98.

MR. B. [*Writes*] Total 11.94.

MRS. B. Benjamin Bagg, what are you doing? [*Takes paper*] You've put those skirts once. [*Shows him item*] I was explaining to you how I happened to get four. You don't suppose I'd buy seven skirts, do you?

MR. B. Why not seven as well as four? Then you'd have one for every day of the week.

MRS. B. [*Patronizingly*] You don't get these things for days of the week. You get them to match certain dresses.

MR. B. [*Takes paper*] Then [*Reluctantly*] I've got to remove this 11.94. I'm sorry for that. I'd like to bring up the total to 50. Now what next, my dear?

MRS. B. Let me see.

MR. B. There was something about Mrs. Tagg's feather, wasn't there?

MRS. B. Oh, you mean the sewing silk—6 spools for 30c.

MR. B. [*Writes*] Spools 30. You spoke of a sale in basement, kitchen things. Did you buy a stove or anything?

MRS. B. *A stove!* Why, of course not. The idea of buying

a stove off-hand that way. [*Reflects*] I don't know as I got anything down stairs. Let me see. Yes, I did too. I bought a refrigerator, one of those large-sized ones all lined with slate.

MR. B. Almost as big and important as buying a stove, wasn't it?

MRS. B. Oh, dear, no! What a man you are! Why, in buying a range, my dear, you have to consult lots of people and find what they have used, and which they like best, and how the oven bakes, and if it's a convenient stove to use, and if it looks well in a kitchen, and how much nickel plating they advise—why, there's nothing more important in a house than a range.

MR. B. As important, I should say, as the Presidential Range is to the White Mountains.

MRS. B. Very much the same, my dear.

MR. B. [*Pencil again ready*] Well, what was the damage on the refrigerator?

MRS. B. [*Innocently*] This wasn't a sale of damaged goods. That sale comes next week with the remnants.

MR. B. [*Aside*] That's a pointer. Another sale coming on! I must get Fanny off with me for a little trip next week. [*Aloud*] The price of the refrigerator, my dear?

MRS. B. 13.13.

MR. B. [*Draws whistle*] Whew! That's rather unlucky, isn't it? That number thirteen?

MRS. B. That's what I said to Mrs. Tagg. But she seemed to think the second thirteen would offset the first.

MR. B. I should think there might be something in that. [*Writes*] 13.13. And you got nothing further in the refrigerator line?

MRS. B. No, nothing really in the refrigerator line, but I got a bread-mixer at that basement sale for 2.22.

MR. B. [*Writes*] That's a nice easy sum to remember.

MRS. B. I got two of these.

MR. B. [*Unruffled*] Oh, did you?

MRS. B. I'm going to give one to Aunt Miranda. Her birthday is next week.

MR. B. [*Absently, as he fixes pencil*] Hasn't she got one?

MRS. B. I think not. [*Aghast*] Why, I ought to have found that out; oughtn't I?

MR. B. Not necessarily, my dear. You can probably think of some one else to give it to. People are having birthdays, you know, right along. Did you get them any cheaper for getting two? [*Waits to make entry*]

MRS. B. Cheaper than 2.22! A bread mixer, large size, with all the latest improvements. Why Benjamin Bagg, what are you thinking of!

MR. B. Bread mixers 4.44. Nothing more to say except that it's another easy sum to remember.

MRS. B. I remember them all. Everything I buy, the price stays right by me even from one year to another. Last year they had Japanese screens at 2.57, and this year the very same thing is 2.55.

MR. B. [*In mock concern*] You secured one, my dear, I trust, and so saved the equivalent of a postage stamp?

MRS. B. [*Dolefully*] No, I got mine last year.

MR. B. Well, brace up, Fanny. Remember the motto, "Cheer up. It won't last. It never does." You've had a year's wear out of the Japanese screen, that must count for something.

MRS. B. It's always in the way, that horrid old screen. But it seemed so cheap I couldn't let it go by.

MR. B. Well, let's keep to business, Fanny.

MRS. B. Oh, yes, we want to bring it up to $50, don't we? Dear me, the things, as I say, that I might have bought if I'd only known. Those hats and neckties for you.

MR. B. Don't mention it, my dear. How about the parrot cage?

MRS. B. There, I told you we would be mighty glad of that parrot cage! That will help bring things up. It was 1.99.

MR. B. We don't need the parrot cage to bring up the amount. Without it the sum stands 54.34.

MRS. B. 54.34! Why Benjamin Bagg, you haven't added it straight. I told you at the beginning I could never go out and spend fifty dollars that way. [*Takes list*] Well, I am surprised. But then, we wanted it to be over fifty, didn't we? Now, I can change the children's rubbers, and the mattress if it doesn't fit, and—

Enter Madelaine.

MADELAINE. [*Delighted tone*] They are bringing in the furniture, mamma!

MRS. B. [*Mystified*] Furniture? What furniture?

MADELAINE. It's a whole set, the man said, for the dining-room. It's perfectly lovely, mamma. [*Slips her arm affectionately about* Mrs. B.] I'm so glad you bought it.

MRS. B. [*Excitedly*] A set of furniture! Tell them not to unload it. It does not belong here. You go and stop them, Benjamin! [*Exeunt* Mr. B. *and* Madelaine] [*Goes to window and shakes her head negatively, warding off the man by motion more and more emphatically of arm and hand, finally both hands*] Don't bring those things in here. [*Shakes head emphatically*] Don't bring them in here, I say!

Enter Mr. Bagg.

MR. B. My dear, the man says the furniture belongs here, that you got it to-day at Quack's.

MRS. B. [*Indignantly*] And are you going to take his word for it rather than mine, I'd like to know? [*Determinedly*] Let me see that man!

MR. B. Now, Fanny, my dear, be calm. Just think. Did you not perhaps buy it?

MRS. B. Did I not *buy* it! [*Almost weeps*] Don't you think I know my own purchases? Why, it's just as a mother would know her own children. I never went near the furniture department. I didn't even know they had a sale up there. I want to see that man. [*Starts toward door*]

MR. B. Fanny, my dear, I must insist upon detaining you. Don't try to see them. The men are going now to deliver some things over on the next street. They were packed by mistake right in with your furniture.

MRS. B. In with *my* furniture! Benjamin Bagg, you mean to say you believe them, believe *them* as opposed to *me!*

MR. B. Now Fanny, my dear, let us be calm. Do you think you have told me all that you bought to-day? I merely ask, has your memory served you fairly? Was there nothing else?

MRS. B. [*Reflects*] There might have been a few notions.

MR. B. [*Delightedly*] Wasn't this furniture one of them, my dear? Don't be afraid, Fanny, to tell me all about it.

MRS. B. [*Laughs derisively*] Furniture a notion! Well, Benjamin Bagg, I gave you credit for knowing the English language better than that. Just suppose I were to ask you to stop some day at Quack's and get me a spool of thread and the man

should say, "You'll find it at the notion counter, sir," would you go up to the furniture department expecting to find it? No, Benjamin Bagg, furniture is not a notion. I tell you I bought no furniture.

MR. B. My dear Fanny, I have of course every confidence in your word, but I thought you might have forgotten. It seems, dear, we did forget to put the wrapper on the list. Perhaps we've forgotten other things.

MRS. B. [*Tearfully*] I wouldn't forget a set of furniture if I'd bought it.

MR. B. Well, there's evidently some mistake. I'll telephone about it. What is Quack's number?

MRS. B. [*Through her tears*] 777.

MR. B. [*Aside*] I might have known it. Reduced from 780, probably. [*Rings*] Give me 777 please. [*Listens*] Is this Quack's? This is Mr. Bagg of Baggville. A set of furniture has been sent to my house purporting to have been purchased by Mrs. Bagg. [*Listens*] Yes. [*Listens*] A set of furniture sent to my house is said to have been purchased by Mrs. Bagg. [*Listens*] Yes. [*Listens*] Yes. [*Listens*] Mrs. Benjamin Bagg. [*Repeats slowly*] Mrs. Benjamin Bagg of Baggville. [*Listens*] Yes. [*Listens*] I don't know. I'll inquire. [*To* Mrs. Bagg] I'm holding the wire till the man goes and sees about it. Did a man hand you a yellow ticket as you came out of the store, Fanny?

MRS. B. [*Indignantly*] Yes, he did, and I'd like to have a talk with him. Is he there at the telephone? I want to tell him my age is thirty-four.

MR. B. Your age, my dear? [*Aside*] I hope Fanny isn't going to be out of her head. She's all tired out, poor child.

MRS. B. Yes, my age. He was handing those tickets to everybody over fifty, he said, and I took one without thinking. But I was tired, awfully tired, and I suppose I looked fifty. Mrs. Tagg thought that must explain it. She was taken to be the mother of Mr. Tagg, she said, once after she'd had a hard day's shopping.

MR. B. [*At telephone*] Yes. [*Listens*] Yes. Wait a minute, please. [*To* Mrs. B.] Have you that yellow ticket, Fanny?

MRS. B. Yes, it must be somewhere.

MR. B. Can you find it? The man at Quack's says it is

important. [*At telephone*] Yes. [*Listens*] Yes. [*Looks away from the telephone still holding receiver*] My dear, the furniture, it seems, is yours. [Mrs. B. *falls into chair weeping*] [*At telephone*] All right, good-by. [*Hastens to* Mrs. B., *who is sobbing*] My dear Fanny, it is all plain. You have won that set of furniture.

MRS. B. [*Looking up through her tears*] Won it? Won it?

MR. B. Yes, my dear. It seems that everyone who had purchased $50 worth was handed a ticket which was numbered. Those tickets had coupons numbered to correspond, and these were all put into a large basket or some such thing and the little daughter of Mr. Quack, little Quinnie Quack, drew one out, and it proved to be your number.

MRS. B. [*Catches breath in sobs*] My number! How did they know?

MR. B. Mrs. Tagg happened to go back to the sale, and—

MRS. B. [*Indignantly*] Did Mrs. Tagg go back to that sale? She promised me faithfully she wouldn't go back if I didn't.

MR. B. It doesn't much matter, my dear. She happened to be there when the number was drawn and remembered it was yours, I believe. Do you recall it, Fanny?

MRS. B. Yes, it was 321. I remember now I gave the ticket to Mrs. Tagg. I said I never wanted to see it again.

MR. B. 321. That was the very number that won the set. It is really a very handsome set. Worth $200, the man says, and though I don't approve of this bargain business, I think you deserve it, Fanny, if faithfulness to sales means anything.

MRS. B. Benjamin Bagg, you've been just as good as you could be through it all. Whether I won the furniture or not you would be just the same. You never had a word of complaint though I spent so much money and really didn't need some of the things so *very* much. I believe I've got the best natured husband in the world. [*Lays hand on his arm*]

MR. B. [*Patting her cheek*] Well, this has been a great bargain day in my little wife's history, hasn't it?

MRS. B. Yes, but I once had a better one.

MR. B. A better one? You had? When?

MRS. B. [*Joyfully*] The day I married you! [*Gives him both hands*]

MR. B. Fanny, dear, that was a great day for me, too. [*Lips to her forehead*] The best I ever had. And as regards my little wife, I can say in bargain parlance, I want "NO GOODS EXCHANGED"!

CURTAIN.

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